MEERAH.

By CYRIL MULLETT. The night of the fourth day of the month Tybi, Apap, the demon of the darkness, held the world in the hollow of his hand and the vast Hall of the Seven Steps, in the palace of the Phacaoh at Rameses, was a heavy life, for the air it breathed was thick with dread and charged with direful circumstance. Pthah, who made the golden egg wheree sprang the sun and moon, the great god from whose eve came forth the other gods, and from

faithful into the hands of their enemy. The light of the lamps and the cressets held by the shrinking slaves gleamed on the sparkled on the carved capitals and those graven cornices wrought by the Theban ar-It glinted on the arms of the chief of the golden wands of the priests.

whose mouth there issued men, had de-

serted his children, and had delivered the

The hot night sank on the painted awnings which formed the roof of the hall, and the folds of the azure curtain hung motionless between the two pylones. The flickering lights alone appeared endowed by the feet on the tiled floor

The whole assembly seemed to have but one body, to breathe but one breath, save for the sounds of the suppressed sobs of the women. The priests, gripping their wands, stood with the bowed heads of the subdued; the captains of the bowmen, and tened, with ears alert, to the steady distant tramp of men, the cries of cattle and the

Erect by the great credence reared on the seventh step, sacred to Pthah-whereon are placed the offerings to the god and the tribute to his high priest. Pharaoh, the Son of the Sun-stood Menepthah, his look fixed ing upon the altar. Until his hand be raised may no man move, and the tension laid upon the minds and bodies of his people not be lifted.

Death was in every house; and Pharaoh er, telling him to be gone, he and his people, thrusting them forth in haste from the land, together with their flocks and their herds; for Pthah had turned his back upon his children, and Jahveh, the Self-Existent, the God of the Hebrews, had prevailed. And the sound of the departure hummed in the straining ears of the captains; but Menepthah heard it not, till aroused by the click of sandals in the outer

Then he lifted his hand from the altar and a great breath went up from his followers, a movement of relief quivered entrance was thrust aside, and there ap peared on the threshold a man of four score years, but still erect in his bearing, and with the fire of his eye undimmed; his streaming hair of reddish hue was streaked with gray, and his shaggy beard was reaching to his waist.

Moses, the man of Jahveh, entered the presence of Pharaoh with shod feet, and bearing in his hand the rad he had cut or Mount Horeb, in the wilderness. The great leader paused until he was joined by younger man, while the priests and the Khartumim scowled beneath their brows at one who was adept at their own arts making light of their deepest magic. Then Menepthah spoke

"Thou whom Thermuthis drew from th reeds of the river, why troublest more thy servant Pharaoh? Have I not given thee permission to lead thy people up into the desert that they may sacrifice unto their God, as thou cravest? Have I, deserted by Pthah, not bidden thee take thy brethren and thy God up quickly out of the land o Khem, so that my people may no longer say the God of Moses is more powerful than the gods of Pharaoh? Thou hast brought reproach upon me; thou hast wrought ill my country; thou hast slain my son whom I would live, and my gods flee before the face of thine. I have said to thee, 'Go! that I may see thy face no more,' and yet thou returnest again upon me to work, perchance, some fresh humiliation. Speak and get thee gone, for my soul is sick unto death and the sight of the Apura is evil before me, as the face of Apap is unto Tmu in the evening."

And Moses answered: "O Pharaoh, even now, by thy permission, do my people, in manner which bespeaks not haste, pass out of the homes and the places set apart unto them and gather together northward beyond the city, with their cattle driven before them and their possessions bound up in their raiment; every man according to husband, every child according to his parents. Thy people urge them on the path and speed them with

"Then why tarriest thou here, who

before, but the one remains behind, and the of the tribe of Benjamin, lacks its complement. Pharaoh, I say unto three, render thou this one to me. Meerah, I bid the come forth from among the women of Pharaoh that, in company with thy father and thy people, thou mayest go up from the country of thy bondage."

There was a sudden eager movement on the part of the throng, and all looks were bent on Meerah, the favorite, who, as waiting woman, had seemed good before women. Pharaoh turned sharply round to where the girl was standing. He held out his hand, and Meerah-pale as Ma, the beautiful faced, who stands before th Pthah-advanced, trembling in every limb to the foot of the altar. She gazed round afrightedly. Moses stretched forth hand, and she made a step forward, as i in response to the bidding. But Menepthah laid his finger on her arm, arresting her, "Meerah," he said, "is it thy wish that

thou shouldst go with thy people?" "O Lord of Truth, O Lord of the World ing faithful echo in thy servant's heart. In thy condescension thou hast cast thine eyes upon me, and lo, the light of thy counbecome to me as the warmth In the fullness of thy love have I rejoiced, as the earth rejoiceth when the river is red in Paophi. O perfect and pure of heart, I love thee and I would not go with my people.

Then Menepthah turned him to the He "Thou hast heard. Therefore get ye gone, ere I repent my promise. Go out before me quickly with thy multitudes, and leave this little one to me or by Set who slew Osiris, will I stay the going, and my horsemen shall herd ye back to the labors and the whips of the Himpitu, even now while the lash of the taskmaster is still unhealed upon your backs.'

Then all those present, but one, drew back, terrified at the King's anger, dreading recurrence of the horrors which had been before. Meerah, weeping, sank to her steps of the credence; Harmi. her father, cowered in the blaze of Pharach's wrath, as the monarch, with death in his eyes and form dilated, towered by to mark the way to the Israelites, saying: the side of the shrinking girl.

Making one step forward, he cried:

woman's side, that I may bring her up with her people out of the land of bond-

"By Hathor I swear it, Meerah shall not woman's side, that I may bring her up with

her people out of the land of bondage!" "By the hawk of Harmachis, now do I repent my promise. Captains, to your harness, to your horses, to your chariots! Scourge me these fleeing Apura back, that I may lay my burden once more heavily upon them!"

There was a springing movement among

But Moses raised the terrible staff, the awful rod which had drawn down the Ten Terrors on the land. There was a shudder even among the captains, and Menepthah stopped suddenly in his speech. "Pharaoh, I charge thee, stand from that

woman's side! And Pharaoh fell back appalled.

Still holding up the staff, Moses raised his left hand. With a curious action he extended it toward Meerah and drew it slowly back. The girl, a dazed and helpless look in her eyes, rose to her feet; then, with arms outstretched and palms uplifted before her, with tottering steps she drew toward the Hebrew leader. Harmi held aside the folds of the great veil, and when the folds fell the last of the children of Israel had gone up with her people out of the

When Horus, the Sun in his Strength, arose next day, radiant with his victory over Set, he beheld the multitude of the Hebrews gathered together northward of the city, on the edge of the desert above the valley of Gesem. Six hundred thousand men they were, besides women and children. Each man with his staff in his hand and his water bottle by his side. Then, at a signal from their leader, they set forth, an orderly array, with the women and the cattle in their midst. Meerah, on an ass, rode apart, inasmuch as she had been one of Pharaoh's women, and she who but a short while since had been the secret envy of many a Hebrew maiden was now regarded as a dweller in the outer tents.

But she rode on unnoting, her face turned constantly toward the southwest, where Rameses was; her dark eyes dim with tears and her heart filled with the image of Menepthah, renowned for his gracious presence and the beauty of his countenance Thus they journeyed on silent in the soft sand of the desert which overlooks the green strip of the valley they now avoided, but had so recently quitted. And when they drew near to Thuku, or, in the language of the Hebrews, Succoth, the people murmured and wished to stay, for they were

But their leader urged them on to the low hills, which would protect their flank, exposed to Pharaoh's horsemen, should they pursue; for Pharaoh's chariots were then at Zoan, in the name of Tanis, to the north. And when they pitched that night at Thuku Meerah sowed the sand with her salt tears.

"Oh!" she cried, "why must this thing be? Is one woman so precious to this undertaking that I, against my will, must be brought up out of the land where strings of my heart are made fast? What to me is a land which promiseth not love? They who leave love behind step forth into the night, crying, not knowing whither they wander. The light of my life hath gone out, and I stand alone in the darkness, praying for the morning of the life be-

But Harmi, her father, chided her, and laid his staff heavily upon her, reviling her for a reproach to him. So Meerah refused to eat and to drink, and she drooped her head as the lotus droops when the rise of the river is no more than eight cubits.

And they struck their camp and marched, still in a straight line, till they came on the second day to Khetham, at the head of the Lake of Crocodiles. Here, then, lay the direct road into the country of the Canaanites; but Moses feared the men of Philistia, inasmuch as at that time they were in league with Pharoah and would surely drive the people back into bondage. Therefore, on the third day, they crossed the canal (digged with their own hands) which sweetens the lake, and, turning south into the desert, past the Bitter lakes, they marched down to Pi-hahiroth, which is between Mount Migdel and the Sea of Weeds.

Now, in those days and at this season, was the head of the Yam Suph broken up into a chain of large lakes, strewn with islets of reeds and veined with causeways: and the plain of sand was spread with broad lagoons and rushy marshes. The margins of the lakes and the depressions of the earth thereabout exhibited incrustations of salt, which betokened that the height of the waters varied as causes

wrought and conditions ruled.

Here was the full measure of his responsibility poured out upon the shoulders of the Hebrew leader; for, although his flanks of fear rose to the lips of the hurrying were protected by the sea of weeds on the | Hebrews, but Meerah instinctively checked one hand and the heights of Migdol on the against attack, it afforded him small opportunity of safe and rapid retreat in the face of pursuit; and retreat was his aim and un-Suph, as he had hoped, for the waters were against Baal-Zephon, Lord of the North. All this time Meerah neither ate nor drank. She failed under the burden of the great heat as she toiled on, with her face set steadfastly in the direction of Rameses.

She slept not, but wept nightly at her lot. Hatred and rebellion arose within her, and she dashed her heart against the callous rock of circumstances. She worshiped not with her people, but stole out into the desert at night, and sang softly and sweetly the hymn to Pharach;

Hail to thee, King of Khem, Sun of foreign 'hy name is great in the land of Kush. Where thy war cry resounded through the

dwellings of men. Great is thy power, thou benevolent ruler; The Paraoh, life, salvation, health to him,

He is a shining Sun! And Menepthah, from the roof of his palace at Rameses, had watched the Hebrew haze of the desert on the morn of the first day of the departure. Then he cursed himself for letting Meerah go, and his heart was filled with wrath against Moses, who had stricken him helpless with a wave of the dreaded wand. He flew in the faces of his gods, and his spirit knew no peace. Meerah, best beloved of all his women, the only one who saw not that his feet were of clay, was gone from him, and the earth was waste, and the face of Apap was over the heavens. He drove his people from his presence, and was as a caged lion which no man dare enter in unto.

Then he sent spies to follow the departing Hebrews, and he dispatched messengers north to Tanis to summon his chariots-six Should he, the proud Pharaoh, who held the world in the grip of his right hand, be flouted of an aged Hebrew, armed with a simple staff? And the recedman of Jahveh, and Menepthah's heart filled out again the print laid on it by the

At length he swore a great oath. By the White Cow of Mo-Memphis he would bring Meerah back, and she should be his queen, Moses would surrender the girl; if not, he would ride down the undisciplined, illarmed horde, as his father had ridden down the vile Khita. Then came one he had sent

land. Pthah is mighty. He hath delivered them unto me; and Meerah, beloved Meerah, thy breast shall pillow Pharaoh's head once more.

Now, Moses stayed his rear guard in the defile between Migdol and the sea, and brought the main body down to Pi-hahiroth, where the breadth of the sea is but two thousand paces. It was by this way that the great leader had gone when he fled into the wilderness of Shur, or the Wall, after slaying the Ser. But the waters then were low, and the waters now were full, and the Hebrews lay, as it were, entrapped, being hemmed in by the sea or the east, the waterless desert on the south and west, and in their rear, pursuit. While the people rested, loosing the girths of their beasts, Moses, and some with him, went down to the shoer and watched with anxious eyes the ebb of the tide. Lower and lower the water sank, higher and higher grew the rushes which marked the ford the leader knew so well. But the growth of the reeds began to slacken, and the drawoff of the waters increased in force while the causeway was still topped in places by the tide, and all too narrow, everywhere, for the passage of a multitude. Then, at this juncture, came men from the rearguard erving "Pharaoh pursueth us! From Migdol we

beheld his chariots far off in the desert and his horsemen! The sun shines on their breast-plates and the points of their spears! We be all dead men!"

And the people, as usual, began to murmur against Moses for bringing them up out of the land to die in the wilderness. Fright and confusion ran riot through the host. The men rent their clothes, the women wailed, and the childrne huddled together, terrified; even the beasts, infected by the atmosphere of terror which surrounded them, plunged and broke loose, adding chaos to the fearful situation. A dislocated rabble, the people sat down by the seashore, helpless and hopeless; for the trained bands of the great Menepthah were drawing nigh, and those dreaded chariots which had caused confusion even in the ranks of the fierce Khita, and had but recently overthrown the Libyans-a nation accustomed to war-would be upon them in the space of a few short hours. By the terrible weapons launched from the hand of the malignant Pharoah would they be slain like sheep, their race crushed under his wide wheels, and their name blotted out beneath the hoofs of his horses.

So they sat down and waited, for their hearts were as lead. Only the heart of Meerah, when she understood the tidings, was lifted up, and she strained her eyes, hoping to see the majestic form of Menepthan come over the hills from the west: but Menepthah's men, not knowing the exact whereabouts of the Hebrews, who lay concealed in the hollows surrounded by Migdol and the neighboring ridges, had drawn rein to rest after the long pursuit in the heat of the day.

Meerah sat hoping; her people sat despairing, while Moses, still watching the slowing growth of the causeway and the slackening fall of the water, beheld a cloud rise up out of the heavens. Straightway he dipped his hand in the tide and held it out to the southeast. And when his wet hand felt the wind he knew that Israel was

With incredible rapidity the hurricane came up on the wings of the waning day. and, driving the waters before it, heaped them up in the basin to the north, while the ebb sucked away the sea on the south. And the causeway arose out of the strife white and wide-dry, ready for the passage of a nation, and the withering of a woman's

The strong wind, still holding the waters up, passed on behind the Hebrews into the desert, raising dense clouds of sand in the faces of Menepthah's men, and compelling another halt in the teeth of the blinding tempest. The heart of Meerah sank as she beheld the sandstorm sweep over the desert, for she knew it would delay her deliverance, and the tears dimmed the eyes that looked so yearningly for the gleam of Pharaoh's arms, the only ray of hope now left

Then commenced the crossing. The hours that it occupied were fraught with unspeakable anxiety to the great leader, who feared two things-the falling of the wind. which would loose the pent-up waters of the Yam Suph, and the subsidence of the sandstorm, which would permit the closing in on them of Pharaoh's host from the desert ere the passing of the people was ac-

But the wind held all that night and the greater part of the next day, so that the Hebrews passed over, column succeeding column, unmolested, and the last contingent, according to the tribes, with Meerah in the midst, had almost completed the journey, when the girl, with a stifled cry of joy, beheld the advance guard of Pharach's chariots sweep around the edge of the western shore and halt. Wild cries again by blows and shouts from those behind, and the crossing of that last company became a stricken tumult for the remainder of the way. Meerah, borne on by the pressing crowd, with Harmi's hand on her bridle. was forced helplessly to the other side, a fugitive from her own hoped-for rescue.

Then the chariots entered cautiously upon the rough road of the causeway, and the wind lulled and the darkness fell. The chariots plowed their way along the difficult path, and the wind soughed and moaned in the weeds and reeds and came in fitful gusts.

But the chariots held on their way doggedly, and the spearmen and the bowmer and those who drove the horses encouraged each other with shouts that they would be soon among the palpitating mass of fugitives over against them. The Hebrews stood still, afraid, on the other side, while the women wailed and covered their heads. But Moses watched the reeds on the shore to the south. Then he dipped his hand into the sea and held it out toward the

And when he felt the wind on his wet hand he knew that the wind had backed and that Pharoah's host was doomed.

With the lights of the Hebrew camp for their beacon, the chariots still held on their way gallantly. But the hand was loosened which held the waters to the north, and they commenced to creep down, wetting the sand, making it quick, and clogging the wheels of the charlots, causing them to labor heavily. Then some pressed on, while others waited, and the troop fell into confusion. The wind rose higher and higher and shricked in the ears of the horses, terrifying them, and they plunged and reared as the first wave broke over the causeway

on their right hand. Then every one attempted to turn and flee, but the chariot wheels stuck fast, and the drivers and the captains leapt down from their places to escape on foot, but their harness hampered them. Wave after wave thundered down on the narrowing path as the waters from the north came down in a torrent to meet them. There was a roar, a wild whirl, a rush irresistible, the spume and foam of a fierce conflict. Then with a furious gust the wind dropped again. The waves subsided and the storm ceased. With a mighty heave the sea spread itself out, but the causeway had gone and the six hundred chariots of Pharaoh, the flower of Menepthah's army, had been swallowed up. And when Meerah, peering through the night over the black waste, saw what had

nepthah was among the drowned, and that

come to pass she went out into the darkness

with a dead heart, for she believed that Mc-

nigh numbed her perception. She lay prone on the soft shore. The stars gleamed on her wet face, wet with the terrible tears of unatterable despair, while an intense weariness seized on her limbs, paralyzing them. Then the rising tide from the south stole up and wetted her feet, but she heeded it not; and Miriam and her maidens came forth with instruments of music and sang their hymns of thanksgiving:

Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: The horse and his ricer hath He cast int

But the keen sword of the Hebrew paean pierced Meerah's heart no more; the song seemed so far off, and it passed as a confused murmur across the dulling senses of the stricken girl. And the tide crept up to

Now the present has lifted, a light steals into Meerah's heart, and she dreams she is lying with the head of Menepthah pillowed on her breast, as she soothes his slumbers with her Song of the Harper: Let song and music be before thy face. And leave behind all evil cares.

Mind thee of joy till cometh the day of pi grimage. When we draw near the land which loveth silence.

The sea crawied up to her waist and lapped at her bosom, but she moved not Miriam's song came down the wind, but she heard it not. And the waters stole up and covered the beautiful face, rippling there, exulting in their mission of mercy. Then they sank back into their black depths, satisfied.

Then Chonsu, the moon god, came forth and gazed on the face of the dead Meerah; and when he saw that it was good to look upon, full of peace and restful he clothed the body in a silver robe, glorifying it as the song of Miriam, swelling to the chorus, broke the encircling silence of the night: Sing unto the Lord, for He has triumphed

gloriously The horse and his rider hath He cast into

THE JOURNAL'S POETS. 'Ware All.

Of Cymbra's eyes and Cymbra's sighs Ye passing heart, be wary-An idle day, and then, for aye A prisoner you tarry: And O, to you whose hearts are new,

Ye winsome, trusting lasses, I bid you look upon your book When saucy Cymbra passes. For Cymbra's lips and finger tip

And Cymbra's hair is very fair And brighter far than Bess's-And oh, her call is sweet withal, As is the quail's in barley; But she'd no right, the lovely sprite, To steal the heart o' Charlie.

As free as swung the willow; But now his breast is sore distressed And sleepless is his pillow-For Cymbra's laugh was like the staff Of bugles blowing parley, And gin she threw a laugh or two

For Charlie walked and, aye, he talked

She had the heart o' Charlie! River Falls, Wis. -Edwin T. Reed.

When Hearts Are Read. I had a grief. With one who owns the right To know my thought this grief I sought to

Before his firm and not unkindly gaze I held my bleeding heart and laid it bare. Naught did I there withhold from him, and yet No tear of pity fell, no loving hand Sought mine to clasp. But some light word

He spoke and smiled. He could not under I had a grief. From one whom I had wronged

In yester year this grief I sought to keep. Before his burning, watchful eye, I wore The mask of comedy. I would not weep Where he might see and pity, but one day His eyes met mine, and, ere the laughter

Have died upon my lips, he turned away, And tears were in his eyes. He understood. Fort Wayne, Ind. -Josephine Page.

The Suddest Hour.

The saddest hour is not the hour that brings A hint of death upon its direful wings; Neither is it the fearful moment when Our faith first wavers in our fellow-men-The saddest hour is not the hour in which We wake to find ourselves no longer rich; Nor is it that unhappy time wherein We feel the first keen penalty of sin.

The tender passion in our heart that burns-Nor that in which a doting parent's heart Is stricken, when home ties are torn apart; Nay! nay! the saddest hour that can oppress The soul, is when, in utter hopelessness,

No mercy answers its appealing cry, As it must witness its ideals die.

-James Newton Matthews. "EEN KWAJE VROUW."

Questionable Epithet Applied to He

Majesty. London Mail. President Kruger's reference to her Maj esty the Queen as "een kwaje vrouw" still exercises the minds of linguists, philologists, grammarians and even the man in the street. "Een" and "vrouw" offer no difficulty, but the middle term is apparently as ambiguous as the "undistributed middle" talked of by logicians. The word or "kwaje" (it appears to be written in both ways) is, we are informed, cognate with the words "quer" in German and "queer" in English. Both these terms have a variety of meanings in their respective languages. Our English "queer" may mean cross. bad tempered, obstinate, strange, peevish, nervous, irritable, fanciful, neurotic, mented, cantankerous, difficult, etc. These are a few of the meanings of "queer." The

of meaning The Boer-Dutch "kwaai," or "kwaje runs a hard race with its English and German congeners and for wickedness beats The French words "mechant" and 'malin" seem to get near the meaning of it. We are, therefore, prepared for the numerous English equivalents "kwaje" that

German "quer" has similarly a large range

have been published Like our own word "naughty," a world of meaning ma, be imparted by the manner in which it is said. "Oh, you naughty boy, may be the preliminary either to a thrash ing or to a caress. Thus the Boer mothers preface the spanking business by the exclamation "Kwaje jonge. We append the various meanings of "een kwaje vrouw" which we have come across in the newspapers and which we have received from contributors:

A difficult woman.-Reuter's correspondent at Cape Town. A vicious woman.-The Globe A nasty, cantankerous old woman,-Student of Dutch language quoted by the

Globe. A woman determined to maintain her rights.-Westminster Gazette. A determined lady .- St. James Gazette.

A dangerous woman.-Daily News. A savage woman.-Boer authority quoted by Daily News. A mischievous woman .- Mr. De Haas. A fierce, passionate or quarrelsome woman.-Mr. H. Marks.

A cross or bad-tempered woman.-An resident in Cape Colony. A cross weman .- Our own philologist.

Where Artists Live. New York Evening Post

The custom of living in the country the year round is becomming more and more common among the artists who formerly nade New York their winter quarters and who still "hail" from this city in the exhibition catalogues throughout the land. Not ong ago is was regarded as almost eccentric on the part of George Innes, Abbott Thayer, Winslow Homer and one or two others to leave town for the winter as well as for the summer. Now, however, such a departure has become almost a fashion, of which there is much to be said pro and Mrs. Julia Dillion, whose flower paintings are yet examples to be ilved up to, owns a pre-Revolutionary stone house at Kingston on the Hudson, to which she has added a spacious studio. Here lives the year round and works as industriously as though she still had a reputation to make. In a similar way Abbott Thaver lives and works the winter through at Scarborough, far removed from the interruptions incident to the studio life in town, At Rockland Lake Will Amsten, August Franzen-and until recently Arthur B. Davies-work with little to molest them. Will H. Lowe and W. H. Howe are permanently established at Bronxville, and little farther on by the same road J. H. Twachtman, Leonard Ochtman and others have established themselves. Charles Warren Eaton, Fred Williams, Mr. Manley,

THE SPITING OF MAZY BAXTER

By A. C. GARRIGUS,

the little depot-we three-all smoking pipes, pipes that were old and brown, but, nevertheless, pipes that soothed and comforted. All along in front of us stretched the low-lying Kentucky hills, fringed with "Mister Allen," he said, suddenly, "uz you scrubby trees. Above their tops hung long bank of thin blue mist that might have floated there from our pipes. Up their sides, as far as patient horse could plow, reached fields of corn and wheat, bounded by fences built of bowlders that the stony soil had spewed up. Above them cropped out the bluffs, rain-rutted and redly barren. From out of the western horizon, melting and wavering in tremulous heat waves, the twin lines of shimmering steel approached us, and, passing the station, crossed the river on a long iron bridge, and suddenly disappeared in a tunnel whose black throat yawned dismally for more. At this end of the bridge, and across the road from us, stood the water tank and pump house. The huge water pipe, that was ever and anon jerked from its insecure pedestal to pour its torrents of water into the capacious stomachs of the iron horses, now stood upright, and from its broken joint water dripped into a clear puddle below, presently escaping from it in a tiny rivulet that sparkled and faltered on its way through the cinders and, a moment later, tumbled in glee the cool willows and on to the mossy rocks, eager tongue, and then, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction, stretched himself again in the shade to doze. From some place far-

Cincinnati, and I had just finished suspending the mail pouch on the crane, where it now hung bound and pinioned, and as twisted and turned in the gentle wind looked not unlike a man on the gallows, about to be snatched into eternal damna-

dressed the interlocutor: "Mister Bawb, fist, how come you fotch ther mail down terday? I 'low hit's not yore juty."

The man next me looked languidly at his "I 'low," he said with studied indifference, | "blamed ef I don't."

"as hit's my juty ter do as I pleases." Shep Bowlby chuckled. "Seems ter me," he went on maliciously, "'at you air roostin' roun' Mis' Baxter's moughty steady here of late. I reckon you air co'tin' Mazy. An' I low yuh need ter. F'om whut ev'ybody says, hit air good as a' old trail fer yuh now, Mister Bawb. Case Mazy air head over heels in love 'ith a railroad feller 'at runs through here on the keers." Bob Grayson walked to the edge of the

platform. "Train's late," he said, peering anxiously up the track. "'Pears like she air late purty reg'lar now."

Shep gave me a broad wink. "I'll agree he went on, with a wag of his head, "I'll agree, no gal 'ud play fas' 'n' loose 'ith me, p'etendin' to be mine un' all th' carryin' or like she does 'ith 'nother man. I'd put eend ter hit, so speedy at, at-"

"Yuh shet up," cried Bob fiercely, coming toward him. "Yuh has got no call ter consarn yo'self 'ith this case. I be th' doctor, and hit's all 'twixt Mazy an' me, an' what's more, I 'low 'at somebody nigh bout'n yore size, Shep Bowlby, air goneter meet trouble squar' betwixt the eyes ef they ain't less jowerin'.'

Bob towered to the height of his six feet and clenched his huge fist very suggestive ly, it seemed to me. Shep sat perfectly still for a moment and then slid easily off his perch and wandered over to the pump house, whistling bravely. Beat a retreat under flying colors, as it were, which was about the only thing he could do with safety. Just then, as if to cut off further conversation, the engine of the fast mail, with a resounding blast of the whistle, thrust its nose suddenly out of the tunnel and thundered across the bridge toward us. The mail sack was whisked off and its mate tumbled unceremoniously into the road, where it rolled over and over. Then, with a rush and hiss of steam, the waving of familiar hands and the flash of rows of sash-framed faces, the train sped by, the coaches rocking and bounding in rapid motion and in their wake a maelstrom that sucked bits of paper and leaves after it, in a cloud of dust. Bob gingerly picked up the pouch and brushed the dirt from it. As he swung it upon his shoulder a note that had been thrust into the staple fell to the ground. He picked it up, glancing at the superscription, and the helpless look he

gave me told me the story of it all.

That evening I sat on my chair in the lit-

tle alcove, listening to the monotonous click

of the telegraph sounder. The window was open and the air, warm with gentle languor | Oh, yes, I knew her, and was not honored and sweet with the perfume of wheat blossom, crept in. Dreamily I watched the moon as its blood-red disc mounted gradually over the brushy hilltops. From far up the hill a whippoorwill sounded his lonesome cry, and a screech-owl, standing guard over his prey, perhaps, hooted defiance in uncanny accents to the slumbering forest world. Having nothing else to do I strolled out and sat down on the platform. Down at the end of the siding the switch lamp winked and blinked, as if almost nodding in slumber. Presently a foot crunched on the gravel close at hand. I had guessed the identity of its owner ere his voice struck my ears. It was Bob Grayson. I made a seat for him at my side and proffered a match for the pipe he was about to light. In my year's stay at Sandersville I had formed a strong attachment for "Mister Bawb," as he was generally called, and I knew he returned my affection. In a small place like Sandersville a railroad official of any rank is an important personage. When the way train stops for passengers the crowd of loungers which would, I have no doubt, stand unmoved in the presence of a king, unceremoniously falls over itself to make way for the blue-coated conductor as he runs in for orders. Small boys gather around the engineer and gaze at him in open-mouthed admiration, and are happy for days if they are noticed or addressed, Even the colored porter is envied as he leans far out from the last car in whiteaproned impudence. Thus it was that, crowned with the dignity of being operator and railroad agent, I was, naturally, a person of great consequence, and it was an honor to gain my friendship. Thus it was, too, that a mail clerk, who wore blue jumpers, was insignificant in stature and bowlegged, became able to supplant Bob Grayson in the affections of the village belle. Mazy Baxter. Mazy, the inconstant, if rumor were true. Bob was not to be looked down upon, not alone in size, but from a financial and social standpoint. His broad acres and thrifty habits made him by far the richest man in all the country around. When his parents died, leaving him a large scope of rich Kentucky bottom land, the court had appointed Jim Baxter his guardian, and he had grown to manhood almost as one of the Baxter family. By common consent they were engaged, Mazy Baxter and Bob Grayson, and they each gracefully acquiesced, though neither seemed in any be injured haste to marry, and yet both looked forward to their wedding as a certainty. Since the death of Jim Baxter, Mazy and her

mother had continued to manage the store

and postoffice left them as a legacy, as well,

in truth better, than old Jim had ever run

seemed fabulous to every one. A large hotel had been erected and the establishment was well patronized in the summer. The season We sat on a truck on the shadow side of was just now opening and the coming of city visitors had transformed Sandersville

into quite a gay village. Bob lit his pipe with a prolonged sputter of match and puffed silently for a moment,

ever in love?" I looked around quickly, believing him to be of a facetious turn of mind, but there

was no mistaking the firm set of the jaw and the grave expression of his face as the moonlight revealed them to me. "Why, Bob, I suppose so," I replied;

"everyone loves at some period of his life." "But," he persisted, "uz yuh ever in love

I meditated a moment, although there was no need to, "Yes, I think so, Bob," I said

softly.

"An' wouldn't she hev you, either?" Something rose in my throat that was awkward to get down again, and I reached and found his hand in silence. He returned my pressure with heroic severity.

"Tell me about it," I said finally, after long pause, in which he looked out over the hills, and my pipe died to ashes in my

"There ain't nothin' ter say, Mister Allen," he answered huskily. "I jest kim f'om there; she 'lowed I uz a meddler, an' 'cused me o' readin' her letter. She said over the precipitous bank down amongst | thought more o' his little finger 'n of my whole body, an' it air a big one, as you Just now a dog lapped from the pool with | know," he nodded, smiling mounfully. "I told her I p'omised her father to look after her, an' she thanked me kindly, she did, an' she tuk an' throwed my ring on th' floor down the line came the clink of the sledges an' trompled hit. I 'lowed I 'ud rather she on the rail, and it sounded loud and clear stepped on my heart hitself, an' she reckoned she'd jest as leave. I tell you, Mister It was nearly time for the fast mail from Allen, it riz my feelin's powerful; jest stirred up the Grayson in me, an' I tell yuh hit air fightin' mean blood. I'm goneter spite her, shore," he went on, "ef hit wrings out my heart blood. I'm boun' ter show her 'at a Baxter kaint spit in a Grayson's face, kaint do hit, even ef they be a gal." And he shook his big head vindictively and The end man of our trio suddenly ad- pounded earnestly on the boards with his

"Bob," I interrupted, "take my advice, court another girl. That will bring her around all right." "I'll do hit," he assented gleefully;

Several days after that Bob stopped in

"Did you see him?" he queried. "He's

"Mazy's feller, her railroad feller,"

went on rapidly. "An' I'll agree he air a

"He," I repeated, mechanically.

sight. I've shot likelier houn's nor him, l hev, fer all he dresses like a lord er juke. He no more'n notices Mazy 'n ef she uz a patch o' dogfennel un'er his feet. Bill Lines's gal uz in the postoffice when he kim in ter get his letters th' fust time. Mazy, she knowed him, an' called his name, He 'lowed as her face air moughty familiar, but he kain't call her name; an' Mazy, kinder hurt like, tells him she be the gal 'at he corresponds 'ith f'om the keers. An' Jess Lines says he jest bowed polite as could be, an' walked out an' never takes his mail, an' f'om what they say she ain' seen him since; send a nigger for his mail. Mis' Baxter says Mazy has been sick ever since, jest mopes 'roun' an' kain't eat. reckon, Mister Allen, she air got th' sickness same place I ketched hit. An'," he continued, "I reckon the whole town knows, too, now, 'at Mazy has got er set back. Jest 'twixt you an' me, she sent fer me to kim down, said she uz sorry. I thinks a heap of her, more'n any yethly woman, an I air feelin' bad fer her, too, but I hain't goin', Mister Allen. She oughter knowed the Gray. sons. Yuh kaint slap em in the face one day and shake hands 'ith 'em th' next. When they gits sot, they air sot solid as a mounting, an' I 'low ef they started on a road they ud foller hit plum th'ough th' burnin' o' hell-fire. Good night, Mister Al-

"Oh, I don't min' tellin' yuh," he said, coming back, "I air formed th' 'quaintance of er moughty fine city lady. She kim ter my place ter git a drink, an' I showed her the cave spring, 'n th' crick, an' all 'roun' ther farm. She 'low she could live here contented ther rest of her days-perfectly contented. We air goneter Baldridge termorrer, on th' river road. I 'low Mazy ud he powerful pestered," he said, after a moment's pause, "ef she knowed I air moughty sorry I started in ter spite her," he breathed softly. Good night, an' if I happens ter meet th' cuss 'at slighted her, I reckon I'll make hit powerful interestin' ter him. Good night."

The next morning they cantered past, Bob Typographical Journal. waving his hand gaily. As she crossed the track she looked full at me, and gave a start and half recognition. I smiled grimly, by the knowledge. I had met her when I was sowing the wild oats of my apprenticeship in Cincinnati. "Well," I said aloud,

"I'll warn him, if it goes any further." All evening the clouds had piled in the west in great billowy masses, and lightning played behind them and occasionally flared out and around the edges like the fire in a great furnace. The thunder was coming nearer and the air was quiet, and smelled of rain. As I shoved the window up to relieve the oppressiveness of the atmosphere Bob Grayson hurried in.

"Well," he said, breathlessly, "I hev done "Done what?" I asked. "Spited Mazy, fer shore."

"What?" I said, in growing alarm, "you naven't-haven't-"Married." he said shortly,

"Great God." I cried, leaping to my feet, Bob. I know her. I've seen her often in Cincinnati; she's-she's-" My voice choked. Bob staggered as if struck.

"I know, I know what you mean," he murmured, dully; "Lord help me." A great light leaped into the room, and close on its heels a peal of deafening thun-

der. He hid his face in his hands as if to shut out thought and sound together. Long we sat in silence, the steady rain drumming like a requiem on the roof above. At last he lifted his head. "Mister Allen." he said, humbly, "spite air like God's judgment; hit air a two-

aidged sword. An' I 'low I hev got ther sharp aldge. I went with him to the door. By the lurid light of the dying storm I saw the water

falling in straight lines, and "Mister Bawb" walked in it with bared head, and was swa!lowed up in the darkness of his grief and the night.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. The ancients knew how to cheat. Loaded

Before the end of this year every one of he 168 town in Connecticut will be con-

ected by telephone There are 157 women bartenders in the United States. Here's a fine chance for some missionary work by the W. C. T. U. A note of the Bank of England, twisted into a kind of rope, can suspend as much

It is a surprising fact that the bakers of America last year sent abroad 14,206,314 ounds of bread and biscuit, for which they Fifty-six Kansas counties bear the names

as 329 pounds upon one end of it and not

diers of the late war. Only two of them, however, bear the names of privates,

it, while Bob Grayson exercised a sort of In Ireland a belt of a woman's hair is protectorate over all by reason of his inplaced about a child to keep harm away.

There isn't a vestige of cork about a cork leg apart from the name, and that arises from the fact that nearly all the great manufacturers of such articles used to live on Cork street, Piccadilly, London, Robert Bonner mentions the striking fact that when he bought his first trotting horse in 1856, only nineteen horses, living

and dead, had trotted a mile in 2:30. Now

The total wealth of Great Britain, with

there are more than 13,000 on the list.

cessful work in Paris. Theatrical peop

Some of the lumber trade journals are

writing in favor of soft elm for the interior

finish of buildings, and assert that wher-

ever it has been used in the Western cities

It has been reckoned that if the whole

ocean were dried up, all the water passing

away as vapor, the amount of salt remain-

ing would be enough to cover 5,000,000 square

it has proved very satisfactory.

niles with a layer one mile thick.

are delighted with it.

all her possessions, has been estimated to be £8,000,000,000. France comes next with £7,500,000,000. The wealth of the six largest nations in the world aggregates £33,000, A novelty at the Tennessee exposition will be a giant see-saw, having a beam

one hundred and fifty feet long, mounted on a tower seventy-five feet high. A car at either end of the beam will hold twentyfive people It is seriously proposed to hold a congress of old maids at Washington next fall. The

leading lights of the woman suffrage movement are behind it. All women twentyseven years old and upward will be eligible Having summoned his friends and neighors to an outdoor beef roast, a Greensbury

Point (Md.) doctor, after his beef had beer praised, informed his guests that he had ed them on an eight-month-old colt to dispel prejudice. A Carthage (Mo.) man prides himself on having been probably the owner of the first bicycle or velocipede, as it was then known, west of the Mississippi river. In 1867, when

living in Des Moines, Ia., he bought one in New York for \$150. A California contractor who has been in Mexico for several months has secured the contract for laying the sewer pipe in the City of Mexico-a contract which involves \$3,000,000, and will require upward of eight

years in completion A most peculiar case has recently come up in a North Dakota court. Some time ago a man was tried for a crime. The jury found that he was guilty, and because he had swor was not guilty the judge held him under \$1,000 to answer to the charge of

The increasing wealth of American colleges enables no less than ten of them to publish daily newspapers. This luxury is ndulged in by Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Brown, Stanford, Tulane and the universities of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Michigan. Liquefied air can now be ordered by the

lozen bottles in Munich. But just what can be used for in a general way is in doubt. It is so cold that it blisters the skin at a touch, but its excess of oxygen is a valuable feature. At present chemists are the only customers for it. Proportionately, there is no great town in the civilized world that has so few daily morning papers as London. This is due to

the large expenditure involved in starting

Anyone contemplating starting a

London morning paper must be ready to lose £30,000 to £40,000 per annum for the first two or three years. There is one man, at least, who has made success of poultry raising, and he is Isaac Wilbur, of Little Compton, R. I. He ships from 130,000 to 150,000 eggs a year, and has a hundred fowl houses on his place. The chickens are fed from a wagon which goes

from house to house in the morning, and in

the afternoon the eggs are collecte

At a well attended educational meeting in New York, one of the speakers, Prof. Murray, highly complimented the West as contrasted with the East in its educational methods. He said: "West of the Alleghenies the public schools are the people's colleges. And it is a fact that the West even does nore now for the higher education than the

George Peabody's donation of \$2,500,000 for London workingmen's houses has increased \$6,000,000 in the twenty-four years since his death. Last year the trustees of the fund provided 11,367 rooms, besides bathrooms, lavatories and laundries; 19.854 persons occupied them. The death rate of infants in the buildings is 4 per cent, below the average for London.

The theaters in Japan have a novel method of pass-out tickets, which are positively not transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theater before the close of the performance, with the intention of returnng, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper then, with a rubber stamp, imprints on the palm the mark of the establishment

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Age vs. Gear Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Think of Gladstone riding a eighty-seven Sho, that's nothin'. My boy Jim rides

Brown-He's an old New Yorker, isn't he? Jones-Oh, yes; he can remember when the Sun and the World used to allude to each other w "our esteemed contempo-

Far Back

one at ninety-five.

Valuable Facts. "I see it stated," remarked Mrs. Tenspor that the Arctic explorer, Nansen, has received \$25,000 for three newspaper articles."

facts," replied Mr. Tenspot Supremely Exasperating.

"That is the reward for handling cold

"Don't you think Mrs. Spurrell has an 'She has: but can you blame the poor woman? She has a husband who just absolutely won't get mad at all.'

Mamma-What do you mean by taking

that piece of cake? When you asked for

Tommy-You did: but last night I heard papa say that when a woman says no she always means yes.

She Wanted to Know. Philadelphia North American. "John," she began, casting aside her pa-

"Is that Mayflower log which has jus

been returned to us a piece of petrified wood, or just ordinary oak?" To the Manner Born.

de more he's got to say about it. Parson Johnson-What yo' gwine to make Deacon Jackson-A preacher. The Difference.

Deacon Jackson-Dat boy orter bin born

patients get off easier than a lawyer's clients; don't they, pa? Lawyer Blackstone-Think again, my son, Did you ever hear of a lawyer killing his client after he had cleaned him out?

That Terrible Child.

Little Coke Blackstone-I think a doctor's

New York Times Mrs. Best-Friend-What do you think That horrid Miss Backbite said that she didn't believe you wore your own Robby-Yes, but my mamma said she

knew it was yours 'cause she saw you pay

Would Get Motherly Treatment. Willy Washington-I say-hic-officer-you hic-ain't going to-hic-take me to pleesh Officer (kindly)-I've got ter, sonny, but don't yer go ter worryin' yerself about it; you'll be handed right over ter de matron.

yer know.

Giving Him Fits. Arabella (scared)-Oh, mammy! Miss Smiff say her ole man gits fits eb'ry tahm he come home drunk, an' I's 'fraid I cotch Mammy-G'wan, chile; fits ain't ketchin'

ay she give 'um to him herse'f. Embarrassing.

Arabella-Dey mus' be, 'kase Miss Smiff

New York Times. Mrs. Harlem-So glad to see you again, dear; and how is your husband Mrs. Brooklyn (whose husband is dead)e's on the other sid Mrs. Harlem (who thinks she refers to delightful! And when do

He Took the Hint. Chicago Post.

"Can you play 'The Maiden's Prayer?" ne asked. "Why, yes, I can," she replied, wearily "but what's the use? You prohably

be side of the shrinking girl.

But the man of Jahveh stood undaunted.

But the flood had covered the face of him whose gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But the flood had covered the face of him whose gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But the flood had covered the face of him whose gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But the flood had covered the face of him whose gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that the flood had covered the face of him whose gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably tended relationship. Some few years prevident that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably the form that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the use? You prohably the form that had gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the flood had covered the face of him whose and gaze alone refreshed her soul.

But what's the flood had covered the